

WHY BOTHER ABOUT THE WEATHER?

THAT JOLLY JOKE CONTEST
IN THE EVENING WORLD
SHOULD MAKE YOU
FORGET THE THERMOMETER.

PRICE ONE CENT.

The

EVENING EDITION

World.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1888.

SPECTACLES ARE NOT REQUIRED TO SEE



62 MILLION
COPIES OF "THE WORLD" HAVE
BEEN PRINTED THIS YEAR.

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA

11 A. M.

BLAINE HERE!

The City of New York
Comes in at Last.

Delayed Twelve Hours by a
Broken Vacuum Pump.

The Maine Statesman En-
joyed the Trip.

"The World's" Tug Gets the First
News to the Steamship.

Mr. Blaine Confident of Re-
publican Victory.

Very Little Incident on the Voyage
Across the Ocean.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]
SANDY HOOK, Aug. 10.—The first object that
greeted the eyes of Mr. Blaine as he looked
out of the window of his stateroom this
morning was the long blue steamer with the
words "THE WORLD" on it flying from the
flagstaff of The World's tug.

Since the City of New York left Queens-
town no craft has touched her iron sides
until The World tug hailed the great ship.
It was just at daylight, and the long roll
of the open ocean made it a perilous task
to board the steamer, then five miles outside
the Hook, and learn from T. C. Crawford,
the London correspondent of The World,
the story of the trip.

The passage has been almost without incident.

The breaking of the vacuum pump in the
engine, which delayed the ship twelve hours,
was the only exception.

Mr. Blaine enjoyed every hour of the voyage,
and remained on deck nearly the whole
time. He made many acquaintances among
the passengers and took a lively interest
in everything that was going on.

The City of New York anchored at sunrise
outside the bar. The eager passengers were
given all the latest news, and the announce-
ment of Gen. Sheridan's death was received
with great sorrow.

At ten minutes after 5 o'clock The World
tug dipped its flag, saluted and steamed away,
while the passengers shouted adieu and gave
expressions of thanks.

They expressed high appreciation of the
enterprise of The World.

The noise aroused Mr. Blaine, and his
well-known features were seen for a moment
at the porthole of his stateroom. The pilot
shouted out that he would not start up
for quarantine until 7 o'clock, and a score of
sailors were busy hoisting a fine display of
flags from every spar on the steamship.

BLAINE CONFIDENT OF HARRISON'S ELECTION.

Mr. Blaine said he was confident that Har-
rison and Morton would be elected. He re-
flected not only on the personal popularity and
records of the candidates to carry them to
victory, but even if these should fail, the
paramount issue of protection to American
labor was enough to achieve a triumph.

When questioned regarding the States in
which the Republican candidates would
make the largest gains for their party, Mr.
Blaine said:

"Every State that has a protected manu-
facturing industry should come to their sup-
port. The more factories in the State, the
greater the gains. It is no longer a question
of politics, but one of protection to our free
freedom."

"How does the new tariff bill, introduced
by Mr. Mills, please you?" was asked.

"That is the bill to which I make objec-
tion. If not a free-trade measure, it is so
near free trade as to terrify the working-
people with a menace of low wages."

"Will the Mills bill become a law?"

"Of course I do not know. I hardly think
it, however."

"Will you speak in the coming campaign?"

"I shall, though I cannot say how many
times, that depends upon many things which
I cannot know at this time. I should like
to talk to my old friends in Maine, and shall
not probably leave the State when I get
home until after the September election. Still
that depends upon so much that it is un-
known that I cannot speak with certainty."

"And your health, Mr. Blaine?"

"Excellent. I am feeling vigorous, very
vigorous. My trip has renewed my youth."

NO ATTEMPT TO MAKE FAST TIME.

There was no attempt to make fast time on
this first trip, and except for their impatience
at the somewhat slow time the passengers
enjoyed a remarkably pleasant voyage. There

was the first delay at Queenstown, where, on
Friday night, there was a stoppage of the
pump and a wait of twelve hours for repairs.
She is a speedy one, however, and after the
first day of delay she made 420 knots. Then
for three days 441, 425 and 448 each day.

Mr. Blaine came on board in the best of
health and spirits, as did all the other mem-
bers of his party.

It was a cool evening for the run out of
Liverpool and down the channel, and Mr.
Blaine sat upon the promenade deck and
watched with evident pleasure the receding
English shores.

He did not go ashore at Queenstown, but
chatted freely with many Irish reporters
who came on the ship without being in-
terviewed by them at all. He took the all-
day wait without grumbling, and watched the
busy mechanics repairing a large steam-
pipe, which was leaking.

Thursday night 270 miles had been made.
There was a good sea running, enough to
make any ordinary Atlantic liner roll, but
the City of New York was very steady. Sat-
urday brought a high sea and easy sailing
and impatience at the slow rate maintained.
Only 188 miles were made up to noon of that
day.

MR. BLAINE NOT SEASICK.

Mr. Blaine, who is very sensitive to sea-
sickness, was not at all ill, but took his
meals regularly, and spent much time in the
Captain's room, with Messrs. Griscom, Scott,
Comett and Lord Loughmer.

He was a good story teller and repeated
some which Gen. Grant had told him. Es-
pecially, one of a soldier who did a great deal
of marine service.

On Wednesday evening the saloon was
turned into a court room for the mock trial
of Marshal P. Wilder for breach of promise.
J. R. Dos Passos prosecuted and Col.
Kawolsky, of California, and Father O'Reilly
was the Judge.

It was a rich treat of fun, and Mr. Blaine
laughed as heartily as any one present.
There were plenty of incidents off the banks.
The big ship ran through a fleet of
fishing vessels, and while the fog
was still on the City of Chicago ran by
toward Liverpool. As the two craft were
within a quarter of a mile of each other many
passengers thought they had had a narrow
escape.

The final days of the trip were mainly
given up to wishing for an early arrival. Mr.
Blaine, who had become very popular with
everybody on board, was on deck a large
part of the time.

Mr. Blaine was free in his talk on American
topics and was always willing to explain na-
tional matters to intending citizens.

7.30 A. M.—The City of New York is still at
her anchor five miles off from Sandy Hook.
Beyond The World tug and the mail boat
Fletcher, no boat has been near her.

7.35 A. M.—The City of New York has just
weighed anchor and started for the city.

COMING UP THE BAY.

Incidents After the Visit to Mr. Blaine by
"The World's" Boat.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

SANDY HOOK, Aug. 10.—The initial trip of
the City of New York cannot be called a very
slow one, even counting the time wasted in
delays. While she lay at Queenstown hav-
ing a steam pipe replaced the swift and
staunch Germanic, of the White Star line,
came in and went out to sea again. She has
not yet put in her appearance off the Hook,
although expected to-day.

Not knowing of the delays, the marine ob-
servers here predicted that the new steam-
ship would not arrive until this afternoon or
evening.

"Have you seen the Germanic?" was the
prevailing question, which was put to the
representatives of The Evening World as they
steamed alongside the big ship at 5
o'clock this morning.

The World reporters had kept close watch
all night and the night previous and were out
to meet the steamer hours before any other
boat except the side-wheeler Fletcher, which
went on its regular mail trip at 6 o'clock.

The City of New York came to anchor at
4.30 A. M. about five miles off Sandy Hook
and began making preparations for her run
up to the city. The weather was quite clear,
so she could be plainly seen. The wind was
blowing strong from the northeast, and white-
caps and long swells were rolling over each
other and dashing against the long black hull
of the steamer, but they were far too small to
make her heed their presence.

A MIGHTY STANCH VESSEL.

It would, indeed, take a tremendous sea to
make her roll or plunge. She drew twenty-
one feet of water forward.

Many of her stateroom passengers were on
deck when The World tug drew nigh, and a
few of the cabin passengers, and several had
startling yarns for the reporters, thinking
they would believe all they said. One told
how Mr. Blaine had been and how he was
shivering in the inner cabin, afraid to
come out on deck, and another recited how
their arrival had been delayed several days
by a disaster to the steamer.

But no one on board manifested any an-
xiety to get into port. The preparations for
the sail up the bay went on deliberately.

One of the Government's monitors passed in
tow not far off, and a whole fleet of sailing
vessels of every description were headed out
to sea, but none of them anchored near.

All the movements of the boat indicated
extreme caution.

POINTED TOWARD THE CITY.

Although the tide was rising at the time
The World's tug visited her, she did not
weigh her anchor until 7.35. By this time
the sun had come out bright and clear, turn-
ing the whole lower bay and the ocean, be-
yond into a broad lake of glistening silver
vapor, in which the new marine visitor
seemed like a great black moving spot.

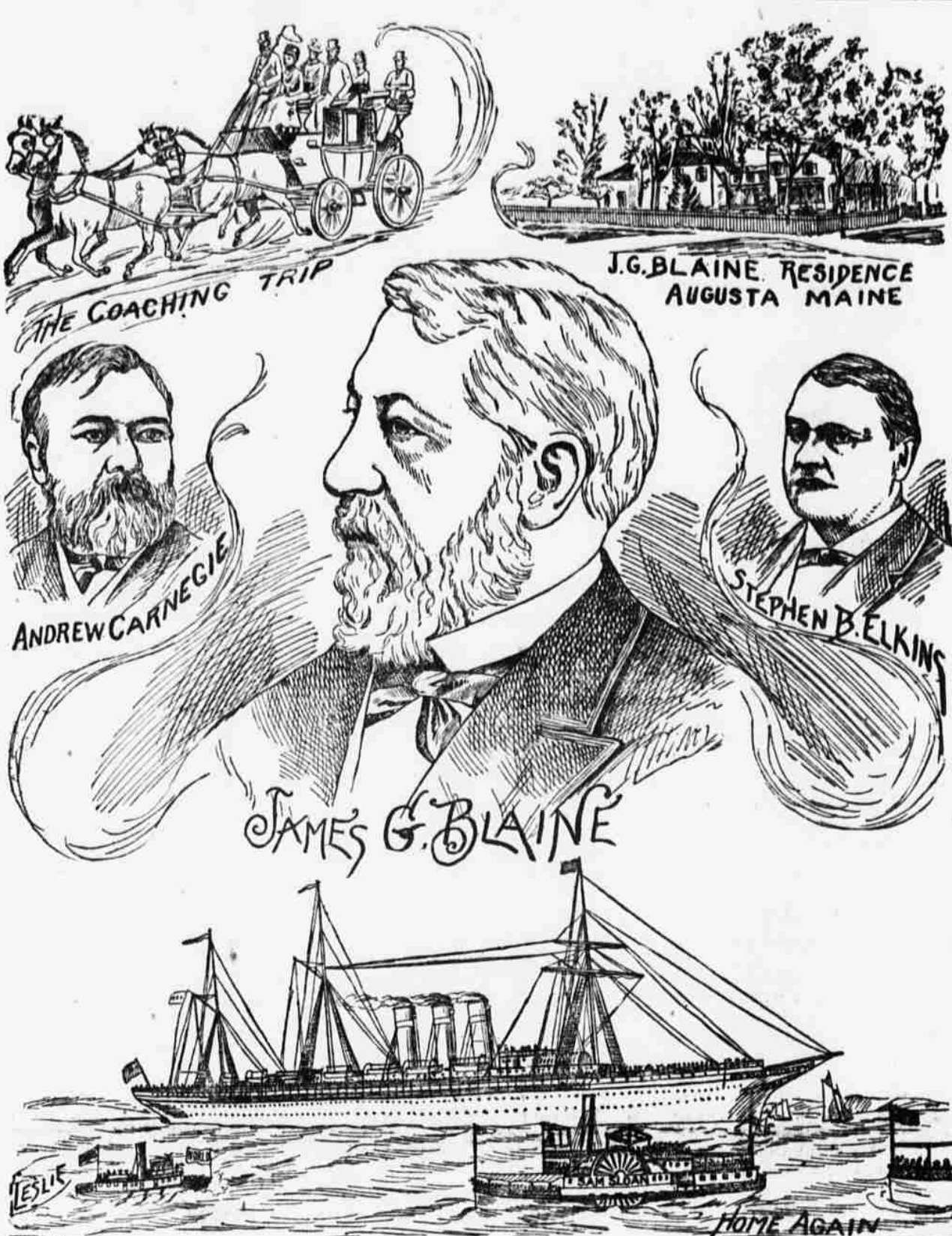
Just as the captain turned the bow of his
majestic craft towards the city he glanced
behind him out over the Atlantic, and saw a
hurrying steamer with the two funnels of the
White Star line coming into port.

It was the Germanic which had steamed so
proudly out of Queenstown harbor while the
City of New York lay helpless with con-
gestive steam-pipe. There was great rejoic-
ing among the passengers over this victory,
and many a hearty bumper was drunk at
breakfast to this first victory of the new-
time conqueror.

A GRAND SCENE.

The scene at this moment was a magnificent
one. The bay was at its best and the steamer
looked very pretty, while on shore no end
of bunting was run up in honor of the new-
comer. The marine tower at Sandy Hook
got out its best American flag and dipped
it as the City of New York for the first time
stood abreast of the station.

It was 8 o'clock, and a little puffing tug
was splurging through the water trying to



get within hailing distance of the long-ex-
pected craft. It was another newspaper
special boat, and it was just three hours be-
hind The Evening World in trying to get
the news.

The wee, slow tug struggled with a big
flag, got within speaking distance and had
just time to ask wisely: "Is Mr. Blaine on
board?" and get a laugh in return, while the
Imman bade rushed on towards Quarantine.
She had come to New York and New

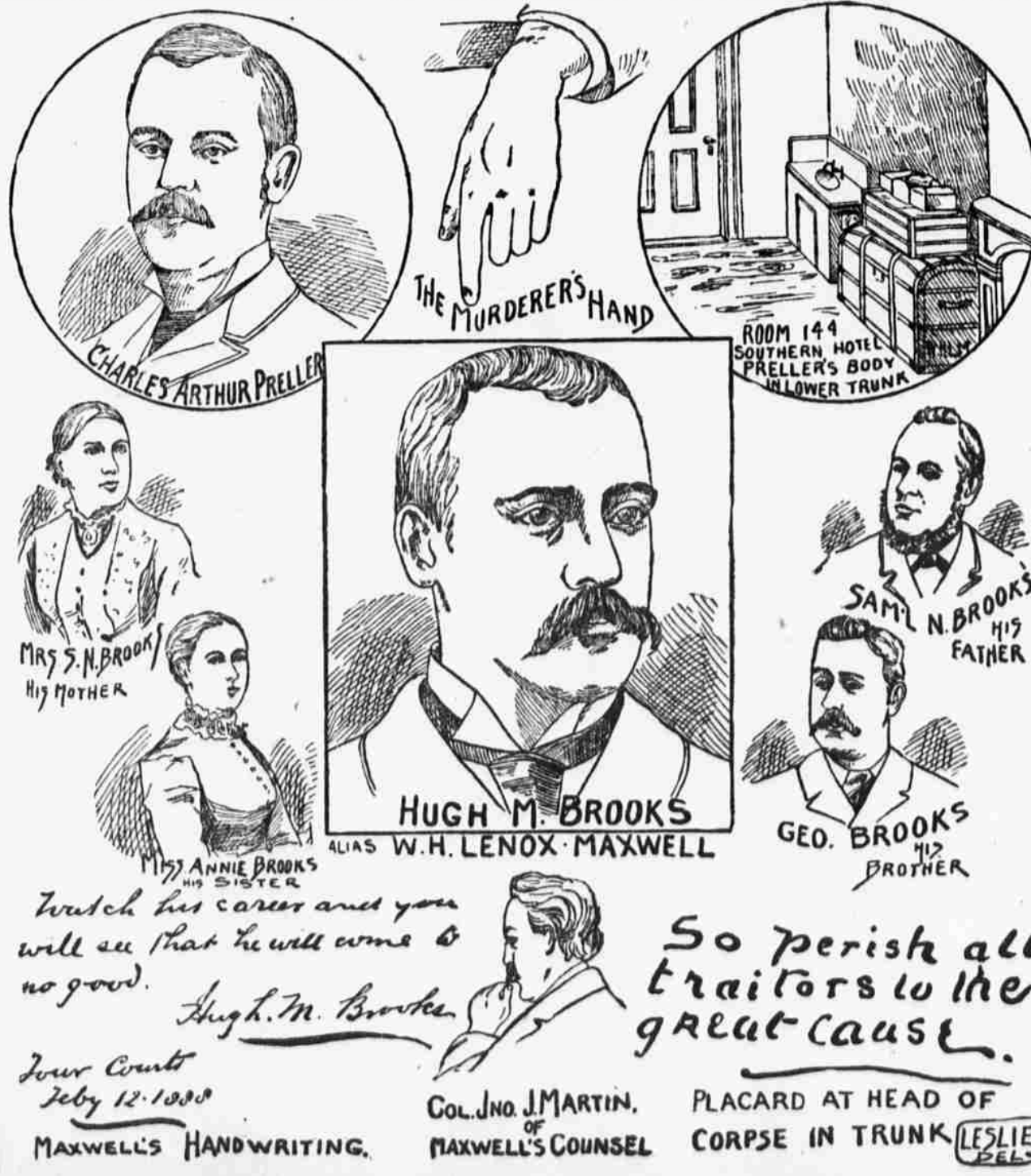
York's typical paper had welcomed her. The
remainder of the work was with the Enter-
taining Committee of Republicans who had
waited so long to do their graceful duty.

Our Duchess Married Over Again.

LONDON, Aug. 9.—To avoid any possibility of
complications arising from their marriage in New
York, the Duke of Marlborough and his wife to-day
went through another marriage ceremony at the
London Registrar's office.

One Bolt Killed Both.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]
ROXBURY, N. Y., Aug. 9.—During a severe
electric storm in this vicinity this morning Luther
Goraine, aged forty years, and Andrew Goraine,
aged twenty, sought shelter in a barn. The barn
was struck by lightning and both men were in-
stantly killed. Their bodies were recovered while
the barn was burning. Reports from several
localities say halibut were found and badly damaged
growing crops and small fruits.



Watch his career and you
will see that he will come to
no good.

So perish all
traitors to the
great cause.

COL. JNO. J. MARTIN,
OF
MAXWELL'S COUNSEL

PLACARD AT HEAD OF
CORPSE IN TRUNK

MAXWELL HANGED.

The Murderer of Arthur Preller
Pays the Penalty

On the Gallows at St. Louis
This Morning.

Last Chapter of a Most Re-
markable Case.

Without a Parallel in All the
History of Crime.

Vain Efforts of His Relatives from
England to Save His Life.

Full Particulars of the Famous
Trunk Tragedy.

Landgraff, Who Killed His
Sweetheart, also Hanged.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]
ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 10.—Maxwell was
hanged at 8.55 A. M.
Landgraff was executed at the same time.

ST. LOUIS JAIL, Aug. 10, 5 A. M.—The last
death watch for Hugh M. Brooks, alias Max-
well, who murdered Arthur Preller, and
Henry Landgraff, who killed his sweetheart,
went on duty shortly after 12 o'clock this
morning, and a few minutes later Maxwell
expressed a desire to sleep, saying that he
would like to be called at 2 o'clock.

The crowd of reporters who congregated
in front of the cell withdrew to a respectful
distance. Landgraff threw himself on the
cot in his cell, removing his coat and vest,
while Maxwell, when retiring, merely re-
moved his coat.

Both men slept with their arms thrown out
on the pillows. Deputies Scully and Burke
entered Maxwell's cell and kept a close
watch, while Hahn and Duffy performed the
same office for Landgraff.

The lights were turned down and for
nearly two hours all was still. Maxwell's
guard woke him. He arose and expressed
himself as refreshed by his nap. He at once
occupied himself in arranging things in his
cell and then sat down to write.

His writing was in short paragraphs, and
embodied requests to various individuals and
covered the disposition of some of his per-
sonal effects. A package of his photographs
that he had for sale he gave to Deputy Al
Collins.

A small match box of his own manufacture
he gave to a reporter as a souvenir. Other
trifles were similarly disposed of.

At 2.30 o'clock he was again writing, stop-
ping occasionally to read from a Catholic
book.

The jail yard was beginning to assume a
lively appearance. The morning relay of
newspaper men were arriving, the operators
working for The Evening World and other
newspaper wires were busy at their tables and
there was an air of life about the hitherto
gloomy place.

About 2.30 o'clock a messenger boy came
with a telegram addressed to Mr. A. J. P.
Garesche, one of Maxwell's attorneys.

That attorney had been expecting news
and the appearance of the boy put all agog.
Mr. Garesche refused to disclose the full
contents of the message, but showed the
more conservative part, which was a request
from Fauntleroy at Jefferson City to be
notified immediately after the execution, as
he would not retire or attempt to sleep until
all was over.

At 3 o'clock this morning Maxwell said he
was feeling chilly. He shivered slightly and
buttoned his coat about him. The wind
came in at the west window just opposite his
cell, and was indeed cool. A quart tin cup
of hot black coffee was brought to him.

With him slipped, and seemed to get some
warmth in his veins from the draught. While
taking this refreshment, Mr. Fauntleroy's
telegram to Martin was read to him, stating
that the Governor had just received a second
telegram from British Minister West, in
which the latter said the British Government
asked for a reprieve in order to inquire into
the circumstances of the case.

The telegram gave Maxwell little hope. He
only said: "Well, if a man won't believe
the telegrams a diplomatic minister sends to
him, I suppose there is no way to make him
do so. The Governor seems determined on
his course, and I suppose I must meet my
fate."

At 4.15 Father Thian left Maxwell's cell
and the little prisoner wrote a note to Mr.
Garesche, the attorney, who made a special
plea for him at Jefferson City, thanking him
warmly for his services and wishing him
long life and happiness.

The handwriting gave no evidence of ner-
vousness on the part of the writer and was
worded and written just about as it would
have been a week ago.

MAXWELL'S CALLED ADDRESS.
The following address to the English pub-

EXTRA

11 A. M.

He was cabled by Maxwell last night to Lon-
don papers and given to the local press here
early this morning:

My English countrymen will doubtless remember
the great booby that have been now and at all
times made by the American people in regard to
the fair and just way in which they treat all people.

I am satisfied that you are not acquainted with
the unlawful, unjust and unfair way I have been
treated. You are accustomed in England to see
justice administered impartially in the courts. An
examination of the record in my case will show
that the prosecution resorted to every unfair
means in their power, even to crime itself, for
they procured a check to be forged and had the
man who presented it arrested and placed in
jail.

Afterwards the prosecution placed him on the
stand to testify. His evidence was a tissue of lies
from one end to the other.

In fact, upon the witness stand he would lie as
far as he considered necessary, and the prosecution
said in open court that it had paid the witness \$50
for his services.

This is a specimen of the boasted American jus-
tice. This is only one of the many means used by
the prosecution, and had I time I could give num-
bers of them. The trial has been denounced as a
travesty and miscarriage of justice by any of the
leading lawyers here.

We proved that one of the jurors said he was
going on to the jury to convict the British subject.
The British Government interfered and their re-
quest was refused by Gov. Washburne on the
ground that they had no right to do so, and that
they did not really intend to interfere, and upon
the fact as to the prejudiced juror which we laid
before the Governor, he said that fact did not
amount to anything.

No I am made to suffer the penalty of the law
without having had a fair trial, as is guaranteed to
every one by the State Constitution.

The prosecution states in the papers that the
Governor ought to disregard the request of Great
Britain on the ground that I was an Englishman
and that Great Britain had not taken any notice of
the United States interfering in the O'Donnell case
at the C. C. C. (Signed)

HUGH MATTHEW BROOKS.

MAXWELL'S LAST DAY ON EARTH.

At 5 o'clock Maxwell is dressed for his last
day on earth. He wears a black Prince Al-
bert coat and a white tie, which set
off his pale face. He is be-
ginning to show a little nervousness,
glances about with something of a glare in
his eyes that reminded The Evening World
correspondent of his wild, frightened look
as he was received by a crowd of several hun-
dred people at the Union Depot about sun-
rise one morning three years ago. He looked
then as if he were afraid the crowd might
prove to be a mob. And the same gleam
was in his eyes as he stared about after don-
ning his burial suit this morning.

But it was only for a few seconds. He re-
covered himself, assumed an attitude of re-
flection, one of his favorite attitudes the past
three years in jail, and presently lit a cigar-
ette and puffed away vigorously, evidently
making an effort to banish those awful
thoughts that would now and then cross his
mind.

The sun is now up, and the streets outside
are filling with people, as is also the large
rooms of the jail inside.

Preparations for the final ceremony are
commencing.

MURDERERS ON THEIR KNEES.

Father Thian is again with the condemned
men. He has heard their confessions and
given them absolution and they are now on
their knees before the priest. All eyes are
on Maxwell and Landgraff in scarcely noticed
by the crowd, which now numbers fully
fifty people, mostly newspaper men.

The Sheriff and his deputies are ready to
tie the arms of the prisoner.

READING THE DEATH WARRANT.

The death warrant is now being read.

After the religious rights breakfast was
served the prisoners in Landgraff's cell. It
consisted of fried oysters, fried eggs, crack-
ers, jelly, coffee and bread and butter, of
which Landgraff ate heartily, as usual.

Maxwell, however, did not have much ap-
petite.

TWO HOURS MORE OF LIFE.

Just as everything was ready for the final
march to the scaffold, the Sheriff gave in to
an appeal of Maxwell's attorneys for a post-
ponement of the execution for two hours, and
announced that it would not take place un-
til 8.30 A. M.

All holders of tickets were notified to re-
turn by that time, as the execution would
surely take place between 8.30 and 8.45 A. M.

TIME TO HEAR FROM THE GOVERNOR.

The two hours' postponement was to give
the Governor that much longer time in
which to again hear from the British Minis-
ter, Maxwell's attorneys hoping and believing
that their last telegram to him would
bring a reply which the Governor could not
avoid understanding as a special request
from the British Government for a respite,
coupled with an expressed desire on the part
of the British Government to inquire more
particularly into the case.

MAXWELL'S ROMANTIC CAREER

The Wild Son of an English School Prin-
cipal—The Story of Preller's Murder.

No shadowy premonition of this day cast
itself into that quiet English home where
Hugh Mottram Brooks began his life twenty-
six years ago.

"He was a good boy," the father and
mother have said over and over again in their
affection and their grief, urging that as a re-
ason why there should be mercy—why the boy
should not die now.

It was a home with an atmosphere of love,
of mutual care and dependence, of pure
scholarship, that home into which Hugh
came. The father and the mother were both
teachers. Samuel Newton Brooks, who called

(Continued on Third Page.)